If you were with me at sunrise on the rocky north-west beaches of Danselana this morning you would have seen a man wearing obscene amounts of tattered clothing walking along the shore, looking for cargo washed up from the shipwreck last night, the shipwreck he had caused. Tobble was his name and he made a ‘living’ by hanging lanterns from half-lame donkeys and dragging the poor beast, at night, up and down the coast. Looking to anyone at sea like a ship safely an anchor. As Tobble searched he saw the body of a man lying on the ground, facing away from him. His clothes were too torn to take, but the sword at his side would fetch a decent price. Tobble knelt down and tugged at the sword’s handle, it didn’t budge. Tobble felt around the top of the scabbard, searching for the obstruction. He was so concentrated in his work he didn’t notice the man’s leg stir. Tobble found a latch at the middle which he slid and started pulling the sword out. Suddenly the man’s hand flew around to his side, knocked the handle out of Tobble’s grip and finished drawing it himself, he sat up but the shoreline swam before his eyes and he hesitated. Tobble punched the man near his right ear and drew blood, the man, with a great deal of effort, rose to his feet and pointed his sword at Tobble, ‘Where am I?’. He hoped his voice wasn’t a reflection of how he felt. The shoreline reeled again and he stumbled, when he looked up he saw the attacker running as fast as he could away from him along the shore. (He was going to his shack where he could calm himself with some bottles in his pantry) He studied the sword, the blade was translucent and bluish-green, it caught the sun’s light as he turned it. The handle was made of solid silver and engraved on it was the word Whisdan, which he assumed was his name. Whisdan studied his surroundings, the beach was filled with dark gray rocks which sloped into dark blue waters on one side and opposite the waters it rose, ending at a 3 meter high cliff, with a yellow-leaved birch forest atop, some trees grew so close to the cliff’s edge it seemed they would fall if a bird perched on them. The cliff turned inward ahead, away from the direction Tobble had ran, Whisdan started walking towards it. The rocks were littered with pieces of wood form ships and Whisdan, being barefoot, was careful not to step on their splintery edges. He found a preserved crate which he pried open with his sword, inside were spools of red cloth that he cut and wrapped around his feet, hands, and his head where Tobble had punched him. He kept following the cliff inward till he arrived at an inlet where the cliff lowered and a stream cascaded over the rim into the rocks. He walked up to the cliff next to the falls and reached up against the wall until he found a handhold. He lifted himself up onto the cliff’s top, took hold of a birch tree to steady himself and quickly let go of it again. On most types of birch trees there are black swirls on their white bark often called ‘eyes’. On these birch trees there were real eyes, they were black, sizes ranging from the size of your smallest finger to the size of your palm. Whisdan moved his hand back and forth in front of one to see if it would follow his hand, it stayed still, fixed looking in one direction. When he moved his hand closer to the eye it went back into a recess and with a papery sound the bark around the eye shifted over it. He followed the stream, moving slowly because he had to stoop under the spreading branches, it’s water was clear and he would often go down into the gully it had worn through the earth to drink from it. Whisdan soon tired from traveling and sat down to take a rest, he wished he knew something about foraging in these woods, he was very hungry. He noticed the birds had stopped singing, but he didn’t know when they has stopped, now only the wind rustling the leaves and the splashing of the stream could be heard. He heard a new sound like someone rolling up many scrolls at once and saw that all the eyes on nearby birch trees had recessed. Then he heard the sound of dry leaves crunching underfoot and through the tree trunks he saw glimpses of dark red fur and white tusks, soon a bunch of strange animals came into view. They were waist-high boars with four tusks, they numbered over twenty. Whisdan started inching away towards a large vine covered birch on the stream’s far side, he saw a log lying across the gully where he could cross easily. Slowly he stepped over to it, careful not to make any noise that would alert the boars. He reached the log and started walking across, only a few more steps and he would reach the tree, then the log snapped loudly beneath him and Whisdan fell into the stream.

He wasn’t hurt by the fall, and the water was shallow, but all the boars turned their heads to the noise, the bank of the gully hid Whisdan from view so they thankfully didn’t charge him all at once and kill him. Instead only three boars went to investigate. Whisdan drew his sword and stood up in the water, when the first boar poked his head over the bank Whisdan swung his sword at his head, slicing it’s nose and embedding in it’s left tusk, he braced himself against the bank and pulled the sword out, but by now the other two boars had reached the edge and were trying to enter the gully for dinner. Whisdan scanned the far bank, looking for a rock or a foothold to climb out with. A

vine hung down from the tree and he grasped it with one hand, sheathed his sword with the other, and started climbing up the bank. The boars had reached the bottom of the gully and were about to drive their tusks into Whisdan's heel when he felt the vine yank upwards, the boar missed his salubrious leg and he rode the vine upwards into the canopy of the trees. Up there, hidden from the ground by leaves was a system of wooden platforms and rope bridges, a man on the nearest platform reached his hand down to Whisdan who grabbed hold and was pulled up onto the platform. The man was young, he had white-yellow skin and black freckles around his eyes. The clothes he wore was the same orange-yellow color as the leaves and a fiddle hung by a strap at his back. 'Thanks' said Whisdan 'No problem, said the man, 'my name's Tristan.' "And mine's Whisdan, I was shipwrecked, I don't know where I am or where I came from.' 'You're in the Watching Woods, part of the lands on Danselana.' Tristan started walking across a bridge, 'Come on, let's go to the village.' As they walked Tristan told Whisdan that the boars didn't use to be problem but their herds had increased recently and they were becoming aggressive. After an hour of walking along the treeway they arrived at the village which Tristan called, Wishfern. It was a small group of buildings spread out over the limbs of a very large tree that must have lived since the forest first grew. Whisdan was introduced to some villagers, baker Timothy, Reed who was the leatherworker and butcher, the carpenter and cobbler Wudnak, and 'my father, Patrick' who uses a crutch for support. Whisdan ate dinner, a salad loaded with mushrooms and berries, outside with Tristan and Patrick, at some tables built into the wood of the tree. There they could view the stars and the flickers of the fireflies. 'How long have you lived here?' asked Whisdan. 'I have lived here all my life,' said Patrick. 'my father lived here all his life before me, and so did his father, and his grandfather, as far back as our genealogies go.' 'What are the lands nearby like?' 'We know little about the world beyond the woods, there is a castle ruled by a cruel king named Vaknur two days by foot from here, we are always careful not to let knowledge of our existence reach his ears, for if he knew of us he would easily conquer us' They finished their dinner and went to bed, Patrick and Tristan shared a house that had been in the family for generations, they had an extra room where Whisdan slept.

Tristan woke up early as he often did, he dressed and went outside picking up a bucket off the front porch to draw the water for the day. He didn't wear shoes because it would only take a minute. As he approached the well, which went down through the trunk of the tree and into the ground, he saw a figure there, getting a drink, back to Tristan. First he thought it was Wudnak who was an insomniac but no one in the village wore clothes like that, dark red leather armor worn over a black shirt and a belt full of daggers. Tristan aimed carefully, threw his bucket and yelled, *THIEF*! Whisdan awoke to to the shout and hurried outside, closely followed by Patrick who was quick despite his crutch. Tristan had knocked out the intruder with his bucket and was tying his hands with some rope, 'What's that insignia on the leather?' asked Whisdan pointing to an image of a weeping skull on a large white diamond on a black field. 'It's the coat of arms for Vaknur' said Patrick. 'We should feed him to the boars.' 'No!' said Reed who had also been drawn to the commotion, 'I don't want any killing, tie him to a branch and we can discuss his fate after breakfast.' Tristan tightly did so and Timothy brought out some bagels for them to munch on. Many suggestions were proposed to prevent the scout from reporting to Vaknur, some wanted to take him to a far away place where he'd be lost, others wanted to keep him prisoner and have him work for them, but before they could decide Whisdan smelled something strange. He looked around and saw smoke blowing from a shed on the far side, he alerted everyone else and they scrambled for buckets and ran over to the shed in such a hurry no one stayed behind to watch the prisoner, who opened his eyes, glanced around and made a warbling noise. A few moments later, another man with the same uniform had snuck over to where he was tied and cut him loose, then they climbed down the tree and left on foot with excellent news for Vaknur.

The fire was extinguished with small loss, but when they returned to finish breakfast and saw no prisoner, all acted quickly. Whisdan volunteered at once to go after the scout and Tristan volunteered to go with Whisdan, they were given many supplies for their journey, Baker Tim gave them a large array of food, Reed gave Whisdan packs, canteens and a pair of shoes. Patrick gave them some cloaks, map and some flint and an iron file and then he showed them a sword which Tristan never knew he had. 'Would you like to do some sword practice before you leave?, it will only take a moment.' said Patrick. 'You sure, your leg…' started Whisdan. 'I'll be fine.' Whisdan attacked first, swinging cautiously, Patrick blocked and retaliated, Whisdan dodged and went into a

series of attacks with much vigor, soon he tired and Patrick swung his sword around Whisdan's and knocked it out of his hand. 'Not bad' said Patrick, you need to watch your defense more though. Then he gave the sword to Tristan. Currency was rare in Wishfern but after much searching a decent collection of coins from various currencies was provided. Whisdan unrolled the map, it was printed and had hand drawn annotations showing the treeways and Wishfern, Vaknur's castle was printed in the top right, Wishfern on the lower left. A road came from the bottom and went through the forest, to and past the castle. There was an inn halfway on the road which as the annotations helpfully noted, 'it smells like rotten rainberries but it's the only place to rest on the two day journey to the castle.' Just as they were about to leave Patrick went to Whisdan and said in a low voice, 'please take care of Tristan on your adventure, he's the only family I've left and I'd hate to lose him.' 'I will' said Whisdan. They then set off walking on a treeway that went in the general direction of the inn, it was a beautiful day but it's hard to enjoy plants and birdsong when the freedom of a village rests on your shoulders. After they had walked for about an hour Whisdan stopped walking in the middle of the treeway. 'What is…' started Tristan but he was cut off, 'shh! Listen!' Tristan did and heard the sound of someone rustling the leaves as they walked just below the treeway. Tristan drew his sword and they hurried over to the next platform where there was a clearing in the leaves. 'When he walks below us, if he's the scout I'll drop my sword on his head' said Tristan. 'What if you miss?' 'I won't.' A few seconds later not one but two scouts stepped out into the clearing. Tristan quickly backed out of sight from the ground and waited for them to pass. 'there's two of them blast it!' said Tristan 'that explains how he escaped, the fire must have been planned as a diversion' Said Whisdan. 'I guess we'll have to surprise them at the inn' 'in the meantime,' said Tristan 'I would like some music.' He unstrapped the fiddle from his back and holding it somewhat awkwardly started to play.

The sun was setting and Tristan's fingers were sore when they arrived, the inn was wooden and built on part of an ornate stone foundation that once supported a far grander structure. Attached to the left of the inn there was a stable squeezed in up against a large birch tree. The roof was made out of thatch and the sign above the door read, 'Birch Eye inn' Whisdan went up to the door and pulled the handle, the inside was relatively clean and there was a faint odor of rotten rainberries. There were several people in the inn, most notably a hooded figure drawing near the entrance, a short man with a ginormous white beard that reached to the floor fallen asleep at his table and He opened up his bag and searched through it looking maybe for a hatchet or perhaps, 'aha!' in a side pocket there was flint and a steel file, he could burn a way out! But where to start? He tapped his sword against walls, door and floor, the floor was the most hollow sounding. He took the stool and broke it into pieces which he stacked near the back wall. One stool leg he broke into small splinters which he set under the pile and (after some wrestling with the flint and file) lit. As Whisdan waited for fire upstairs, Tristan waited for water downstairs, he had taken a break from playing to eat, he already had his food, some meaty stew with (unsurprisingly) a side of rainberries, the only other thing he needed was his drink, and the innkeeper was taking his time preparing it. Looking around he saw that most of the customers had gone to their rooms, he'd join them once he finished his meal. He wasn't concerned about Whisdan, they had planned to investigate the scouts at the inn and he probably ate in their room so he could think over the past two day's events in peace. The innkeeper arrived with a wooden mug, Tristan thanked him and took a deep draft, it was some sort of mead, flavored with (you guessed it) rainberries. Suddenly he felt a wave of drowsiness, the room seemed to slant and he slid off his chair and onto the floor. The scouts sprung from their table, dashed over to the sleeping Tristan and bent down next to him. They stood up and said loud enough for everyone in the room to hear, 'Oh no!, he's unconscious!' 'Too bad there's no doctor closer than the castle!' The short man with the beard stepped forward and spoke up, 'I'm a herbalist…' He started but was interrupted. 'I said doctor not herbalist, his condition is clearly too bad for a mere herbalist to fix.' The herbalist's eyes squinted, 'all the same I'd like to look,' 'no time, we must hurry' The scouts bustled the sleeping Tristan outside and strapped him to their horses, followed by the herbalist trying to administer to Tristan. The scouts mounted and rode off to Vaknur's castle, the way illuminated by the moon.

Whisdan stared into the fire, he enjoyed seeing it's shapes appear, flicker and fade. He gave the burnt floor an experimental poke with his sword, the blade pierced the floor and broke into the room below. He stood up, pushed the ashes of the weakened area, and stepped on it, breaking the floor and landing in the room below. He steadied himself and saw that he was in a guestroom,

sitting on the bed was the person he had seen drawing earlier, he noticed that she was tall, wearing a sundial and compass on her wrist, had light hair and had some sort of bundle on her back before she donned a cloak lying beside her. ‘What are you doing?’ she demanded. ‘sorry’ said Whisdan speeding to the door, ‘The innkeeper trapped me in the room upstairs.’ He ran into the common room, followed by the lady. He looked around, saw neither the innkeeper or Tristan and ran upstairs, there he saw the innkeeper leaning against the door to the angler room with a glass in his hand, smiling to himself. When he saw Whisdan he turned white and scurried into the nearby rainberry room, Whisdan pushed the handle, it was locked. He ran back downstairs and shouted, ‘*Where is the bard*?’ The herbalist spoke up. ‘He fell unconscious, I tried to look at him as I’m a herbalist, but Vaknur’s men took him away to his castle on horseback.’ Whisdan groaned, he thought, ‘Patrick will be heartbroken, I should have been more cautious’ he said, ‘I’d better go after them immediately.’ ‘Now? On foot?’ said the herbalist. ‘You can’t walk all the way to the castle with little light and no sleep!’ The light haired lady (Whose height looked more average than Whisdan first perceived) who had been listening to the conversation, now said, ‘We can take my horse, it’s in the stable outside.’ She stepped outside to the stable, followed by Whisdan and the herbalist. She opened one of the gates and led out a large, shaggy horse with white hair, the mane was braided and patterns and geometric symbols had been dyed into it’s hair with yellow and black dye. She took a light saddle made of layers of leather and fabric from the enclosure and started preparing it as she talked, ‘What’s your name?’ ‘Whisdan’ ‘Pontus’ said the herbalist. ‘I’m Amber and this is Tassels.’ Tassels whinnied softly. Amber moved to Tassels as if she was going to try and climb up his massive side, but then Tassels knelt down so Amber and Whisdan could mount. ‘I’m traveling south on business’ said Pontus. ‘I pray for the bard and your travels. I hope we meet again someday’ Then Tassels rose and started trotting up the road at a decent steady pace.

It seemed to Whisdan he had only closed his eyes for a moment, but when he opened them the scenery was very different. Instead of riding through a birch forest, they were riding through what had once been a birch forest and was now a field of stumps. Amber was holding onto Tassels with one hand and sketching with the other on a pad of paper resting against her leg. ‘What are you sketching?’ Amber motioned up the road. ‘That.’ Looking ahead he saw the castle illuminated by the first light of the dawn, the walls were tall, overgrown, and made out of a dark red rock. ‘Why do you draw so often?’ Asked Whisdan. ‘So I can publish an atlas when I get home.’ ‘Where’s home?’ Amber was silent. The path went past a large door in the wall with the weeping skull emblem over it. Whisdan dismounted and knocked. They waited a minute but there was no response. He pushed heavily on the door and it swung open, the portcullis was already open, they went through into the castle, the streets were becoming overgrown, and everything was strangely quiet, there was no talking, no horse hoofs thudding, and they saw no one. They walked until they came to an inn. Whisdan peeked inside, dust covered the interior. Behind the counter he saw a figure, he walked up to him and just as he was about to speak, saw that he was dead, his only remains a headless skeleton. He heard the sound of the door opening behind him and turned around, it was Amber. ‘The scouts are outside, hurry!’ Whisdan went to the door, ‘where?’ ‘I saw them through an alley the next street over.’ They left Tassels, and went into the alley, it opened into a street, which ended at the keep, and was just as deserted as the others. On one side of the street, in the shade cast by the buildings rode the two scouts, carrying Tristan. They were heading towards the keep. Whisdan spoke, ‘Let’s cut through the street we came from and beat them to the keep’ Amber whistled for Tassels and they mounted and rode up the street until they made it to the end where the street curved and connected to a plaza in front of the keep. Then they dismounted and hid behind an empty market stall nearby. The scouts came to the door of the keep and after some hesitation, one of them got off their horse and knocked on it. They waited a few moments and nothing happened, he raised his hand to knock again but the door flew open and standing in the doorway was an ancient man with white hair that stretched down to his feet. He wore red and black robes. Across his back hung a scythe and over his face he wore a large diamond shaped mask that was completely white, except for red markings below the eye-holes. He turned his head and scanned the plaza, as his eyes passed over Whisdan’s hiding spot he held his breath and his sword glowed with a teal light. Then the man spoke in a raspy voice, ‘You in a dim corner, the two scouts. Tristan approached the counter and spoke to the innkeeper. (who had purple rainberry stains on his striped vest) ‘Hello friend! I’d like a room for the night and two servings of whatever food is handy.’ ‘Will you be performing for your food?’ said the innkeeper

motioning to Tristan's fiddle. 'Why not?' Whisdan sat at the counter while Tristan moved to the center of the room and announced, 'Ladies and gentleman, plasmoids and kobolds, I may have performed for kings and crusaders, ducks and dragons, but here is the finest audience I've had the pleasure of performing for all this splendid day, now for the songs!' As Tristan played Whisdan turned to the innkeeper and slid a coin across the counter, 'Would you happen to know what room those two men in the corner have booked?' The innkeeper hesitated and glanced over at their table before saying 'Angler room, last one on the left.' Whisdan ascended the stairs and came to a dimly lit corridor with a low ceiling, on both sides of the corridor there was doors labeled with brass plates. He passed the turtle, boot, thistle and rainberry rooms before coming to the angler room. Whisdan pushed at the handle and found it unlocked, he stepped inside and slowly, quietly shut the door behind him. As it closed a clicking noise sounded, like a deadbolt sliding into place. He went to try pulling the handle but there wasn't one. He paused and took a deep breath, the room had no furnishings except a small stool. The walls and ceiling were made out of wood and too hard to break through with his sword. bring more wanderers for deliverance?' 'Yes we do.' The masked man paused, he had seen a butterfly with blue and maroon wings on the steps before him, he sighed and brought his foot down upon it, killing it immediately. He then spoke, 'Step inside.' The scout's face paled, he stepped into the doorway with the man and quickly drove his hand, and the dagger he was concealing in it into the man's chest. He collapsed and fell down the steps, dead. 'You fool!' shouted the other scout. 'We agreed to wait until he gives us the payment before killing him!' 'I just couldn't take it anymore,' said the first scout, with the dagger. 'I was terrified.' 'At least we're rid of his employment. I don't know about you but I'm going back to robbing travelers.' the first scout rolled the body over with his foot. 'What are you doing?' 'Taking his mask, maybe it's valuable' He pulled the mask but it would not move. 'What'sa matter?' said the second scout. 'Are you weak?' The first scout said in an edgy voice, 'No, it's stuck to his face, probably some sort of nasty magic.' 'Leave it alone then.' 'Are we going to check inside the keep?' 'D'ya want to?' The first scout scrutinized what he could see of the interior from the doorway. 'Not for Rythen's gloves.' 'What about the bard?' 'Just leave him here, it'll be a pain to carry him further, besides the slave trade is forbidden at Melmor.' They unstrapped Tristan, dropped him on the ground, mounted their horses and rode away. 'That was easy.' said Amber. They got out from behind the stall and Whisdan stepped over to Tristan who was awake but gagged and tied, and unbound him. 'My head aches.' he murmured putting his hands over his eyes. 'I'm certain you'll get better.' said Whisdan. Amber was looking at Vaknur's body, she put her hands over the sides of the mask and pulled on it. 'What do you want that for?' asked Whisdan. 'I know someone in Melmor who deals in masks, he might want to take a look at it.' She lifted Vaknur's body up into the air when she pulled on it so she put one foot over his chest and tried again, the mask came off with with a cracking sound revealing bare flesh beneath, he had worn it so long the mask had fused with his body.

They started walking to the gate of the castle, picking up Tassels on the way. Whisdan introduced Tristan to Amber, telling him how her horse rode them to the castle in time. They arrived at the gate. 'I should return to Wishfern' said Tristan. 'Patrick waits for me and I have work to do.' 'What is your work?' asked Whisdan. 'Keeping the treeways in shape and foraging.' 'Where is Wishfern?' asked Amber. 'I've never seen it on any maps.' 'We'd rather keep it's location hidden.' said Tristan, 'It's a small village and would be easy to conquer. But I will show you where it is because you've helped Whisdan which in turn, helped me. Do you have the map Whisdan?' 'Yes, here it is.' He took the map from his pack and gave it to Tristan who unfurled it and showed it to Amber. 'We could cut through the woods to Wishfern, we'd have to camp in the woods but we would arrive earlier.' noted Amber. 'And I'd be able to chart the forest while I'm at it.' 'You make maps?' Asked Tristan. 'I'm a cartographer.' 'Lets go then,' said Tristan. 'the sun waits for no man.'

They left the path and walked through the logged lands, one stump they passed was so big that it took big it took nine strides to walk over it. They came to a wall of trees, without branches on their sides, there the stumps ended and the forest began. The forest started out open but gradually became thicker and denser making it slower going, Tassels often had to be coaxed along by Amber to move through dense vines and underbrush. Then the forest thinned and before them stood what must be the biggest tree in the forest, it dwarfed Wishfern's tree many times in sheer size but not in height, it was knotted and gnarled and blocked the sun so no plants grew near it. If Wishfern's tree had existed since the forest first grew this tree existed since the dawn of the world. 'I know this place.' said Tristan. 'This is where our dead rest.' He walked over to a spot on the tree

where the bark curved outward and inwards in the center. ‘This is where my mother lies.’ He unstrapped his fiddle from his back and started playing. When he finished Amber said, ‘It’s a very nice song.’ ‘That’s what’s she thought too.’ Whisdan thought he saw a figure in the corner of his eye, looking through the trees beyond the clearing but when he turned his head there was nobody there. He dismissed it as his imagination.

They walked until darkness set, they didn’t make a fire and ate some of the bread Timothy had given them. Amber took first watch, Tristan volunteered for second and Whisdan was left with third and Whisdan and Tristan went to bed. Whisdan only thought he had slept for a minute when Tristan woke him up. ‘It’s been five hours already?’ he mumbled. ‘Someone’s stealing from the packs.’ Whisdan looked and saw, in what light passed through the trees, someone rummaging through the packs, he rose to his feet and drew his sword which glowed in the darkness. The thief wore red and black robes and had a scythe across his back. He drew the mask from the saddlebag Tassels carried and placed it on his face. ‘Put that down!’ Shouted Whisdan. ‘It’s not yours!’ ‘It is, Master left it to me, I will follow in his footsteps and end suffering.’ Whisdan ran to him but as he rose his sword to kill him he dodged the blade with unnatural speed and vanished into the darkness. ‘Wake up!’ Shouted Whisdan but Amber was already up and preparing Tassels, she pulled some metal disks from the saddlebag which she held tightly in her hand. ‘We’d better make for Wishfern, they may be in danger.’ said Tristan. They lit makeshift torches and started walking, they went slowly, every tree looking as if an ambush waited behind it. They arrived at the base of Wishfern and Tristan led them up a staircase to the village.

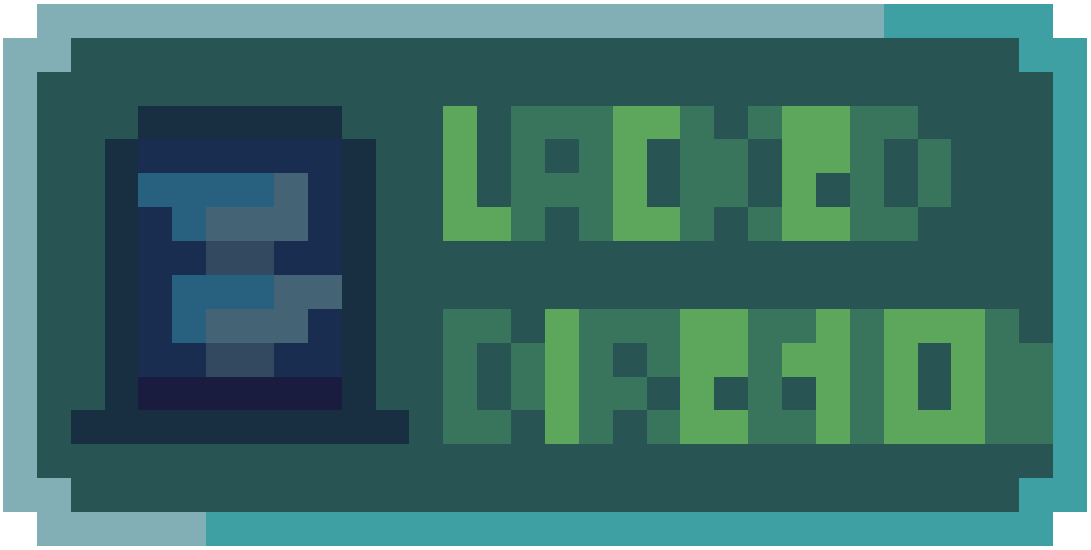
I will not describe in detail the scene they saw, but the main point is everyone was dead, and Vaknur’s disciple was not. Amber flung one of her metal disks, called chakram, at him. He dodged it but it swung around and cut his wrist severely. He stared at his bleeding wrist for a moment then left. He vanished into the trees and they saw him no more. Tristan then, in the heat of the moment swore an oath. An unbreakable oath. A terrible oath. He swore that he would pursue the one who kills all, until he and his mask were destroyed or he, Tristan, died. Amber tried to stop Tristan but it was too late, the words were said and could never be taken back.

Why did I end this run?

Holy cow this is a mess! What a Ramble! Amnesia, seriously? To many things going on, everyone running back and forth like silly insects.

What did I learn?

Write an outline! Show a *clear* objective to the reader! Don’t use the Amnesia gimmick! Also, writing is pretty fun.

What did I like?

Whisdan, It’s a great name. I changed all my socials to use it. Vaknur is also a great name, and Wishfern and Amber will appear in future runs!